

The Times

(MORNING, EVENING AND SUNDAY)

By THE WASHINGTON TIMES CO.

HUTCHINS BUILDING

NORTHEAST CORNER TENTH AND D STS.

Telephone—Editorial Rooms, 684

—Business Office, 1640

Price—Morning or Evening Edition, One Cent

Sunday Edition, Three Cents

Monthly, by Carrier—

Morning and Sunday, Thirty-five Cents

Evening, Twenty-five Cents

Evening and Sunday, Fifty Cents

Sundays, by Mail Postage Prepaid

Morning, Evening and Sunday, 50c

Morning and Sunday, 35c

Evening and Sunday, 35c

THE WEATHER TODAY.

The weather indications for Washington, Maryland and Virginia today are fair in the morning and cloudy in the evening, with probably showers Saturday morning. Easterly winds will prevail and there will be a slight rise in temperature.

A STRANGE VARIATION.

The press of New York continues to give the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott an unpleasant quarter of an hour every morning on account of his wicked infidelity concerning Jonah and the whale. The pastor of one metropolitan church argues that if Jonah and the manna and pomegranate, including the Red Sea, the manna in the wilderness, Joshua's horn that blew down the walls of Jericho, and the entire rifle contest.

What is particularly strange is that Dr. Abbott should be a doubter at all. He comes of a family very distinguished for its simple faith, for ability to believe anything. John B. C. Abbott believed in Napoleon to an extent which gave fact and evidence the paroxysm. He would have swallowed a bigger man than Jonah, and two whales without a grimace.

We are seeing many indications of the decadence of American families, and the fall of Dr. Lyman Abbott is among the saddest.

GREETING TO COL. PORTER.

It appears to be well authenticated that Col. John Addison Porter, editor, proprietor, night editor, city editor and snake editor of the Hartford Post, is to be Mr. McKinley's private secretary, and though we are really not authorized to speak officially of the matter (and, confidentially, we do not care very much whether McKinley's administration is a complete success or not), we hereby extend to Col. Porter the glad hand. There is no marvellous heart about this business, either. Col. Porter is a gentleman and a scholar, and, if Mr. McKinley likes him, that settles it for us. The appointment is personal, and while many may have their doubts whether Col. Porter will connect the approaching administration sufficiently with the past, the present and the future, and while many will not care whether he does this or not, still, we repeat, he has our best wishes. We may want to see him now and then for little items; and we shall hope that neither his piety nor his politics will be at half-mast.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

A cry of tortured envy and a howl of anguish will go up from the Sanbureys and the few other families in Delaware; all except the Bayards. They will laugh and shout with fiendish glee, for the champion of their clan has had the prince to dinner. "At 8:45," the truthful Atlantic cable announces, "the brougham of the Prince of Wales was noticed hurrying through the streets, stopping in front of Mr. Bayard's door." That was a proud moment for Thomas, but the next one was a peach. "Lieut. Gen. Sir Andrew Clark, who attended the prince, was the first to emerge from the vehicle. He was dressed in a deferential attitude, standing, but in hand, as the Prince of Wales, who wore an astrakhan-trimmed coat, white gloves, crush hat, the ribbon of the Order of the Garter across his breast, passed into the house. Twelve footmen, attired in liveries, lined the hall, where Ambassador Bayard stood in the center of the room awaiting the arrival of the Prince of Wales."

It was at this point of the proceedings that the greatest of Americans shouted to the butler, appropriately attired in a coat of British design and kneeboots of the Yankee flag: "Sound the trumpets, strike the drums; the princely heir of England comes!" Then the princely heir came, and the most princely air, and received in the person of the Chevalier Bayard, the adoration and adulation of "the aristocracy's" American subjects.

What a day for Columbia and the glorious Adick's commonwealth! Twelve flunkies, not including Thomas himself, all in the golden Bayard livery. And the prince with his awful, dazzling diamond star and Garter!

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

The secret treaty between Russia and China is no longer so, and there is an uncomfortable conviction in London that British diplomacy has been outwitted, and that the end of British commercial influence in China is in sight. This is a matter of some interest to us, beyond the mere fact that England will be likely to seek some compensating advantage in the Western Hemisphere, where her diplomacy and policy have always conquered, whatever little accident may have happened to her arms now and again.

The new alliance gives Russia the forts and practical control of the Korean peninsula, for which she agrees to protect that part of the empire against foreign aggression. Russia also secures a concession for a railway through Manchuria to connect with her Siberian railway system. Goods imported from Russian territory by rail will pay only one-half the customs duties levied on goods by sea. There are many other advantages which

the great northern power has gained in assuming what will really amount to a Chinese protectorate. Ultimately there will be a railway to connect the other systems with Port Arthur.

This important revolution in the affairs of the far East may open up chances for American commerce and enterprise which would not have been presented under conditions of competition with England. It is a good time to remember and to cement our old friendship with Russia. The new deal may bring golden opportunities for the extension of American trade in railway supplies and manufactures generally.

PLAGUE POLITICS.

It is among the possibilities of the Eastern question that the plague now raging in India may have more to do with its final settlement than one would imagine possible. At a recent meeting of the international sanitary board in Constantinople the foreign delegates were unanimous upon the policy of preventing any participation by the Mohammedan inhabitants of British India in this year's pilgrimage to Mecca. It was considered nearly certain that unless prevented it would lead to the general infection of the whole pilgrim body and the spread of the pestilence over Asia and Europe with the returning tide of jads. The Turkish delegate strongly opposed the proposition, declaring that the pilgrims to the tomb of the prophet is a religious observance and must not be interfered with.

It is probable, nevertheless, that the powers may ask Great Britain to interpose and put a stop to the movement, which otherwise promises to be a large one. The difficulty is that such interference might lead to an Indian mutiny, and certainly would inflame Mohammedan fanaticism and hatred against Christians everywhere. Indeed, it would be likely to result in an outbreak that would compel the whole European concert to join in wiping out Mussulman rule and power, as a necessary measure of protection to human civilization. The return of the pilgrims from Mecca is looked forward to with intense uneasiness by the health authorities of the continent.

OHIO DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS.

The Ohio situation must be a matter of extreme annoyance to Major McKinley. It places him in a predicament from which it would be difficult for him to extricate himself. In States other than Ohio, where the Republican party is divided into hostile camps, he refuses Cabinet recognition. Consistency might suggest to him some similar policy with regard to his own State; but that is not to be expected. He will have Ohio in his Cabinet, and a good deal of it on his hands before the Senatorial question is laid at rest.

It is not likely that Mr. Jones will handle the Ohio patronage to any alarming extent. Mr. Hanna may not be Senator, may even not be in the Cabinet, but he will be boss just the same. If his State administration does not quite belong to him, he has full control of a much bigger thing. When the Ohio legislature meets and the Senatorial comes on the boards, the row between Mark and Bushnell will be fun enough to obscure the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest, in Nevada.

If Gov. Bushnell and the Foraker crowd are as strongly entrenched as they seem to think they are, the battle will be long and sanguinary, and its result doubtful. In that event members of the contributors club, whose legs have healed over since the Presidential campaign, will act wisely by taking to the woods.

GIVE MR. WILSON \$200,000.

The representatives of the Postal Departments of the world, or to be more exact, of the Postal Union, have been invited to the annual quinquennial postal union in our own city of Washington. This is a business event of international importance. Postmaster General Wilson is modest enough in asking for \$200,000 with which to defray the expenses of this meeting. Important postal officers from all over the world are to visit us. We must give them a good time. This would be true, even if we had not already invited them to come to see us. The Times has no vote in the Senate, nor in the House, for this matter. But here is a good thing, and we have no hesitation in pushing it along.

FOR MAYOR, DANIEL S. LAMONT.

A distinct and powerful movement is already on foot in New York (in a quiet way, naturally) to make Col. Daniel S. Lamont Secretary of War, the first Democratic candidate for mayor of Greater New York. The Democracy could not do better. Col. Lamont is a typical man of affairs. He has known what it was to do errands for people, and now everybody does errands for him. He is wealthy, but he has never forgotten that business is business, and that work counts and he ought to confess to himself, for this occasion only, possibly, because Mr. Lamont is a modest man, that a greater man than William Lyong Strong ought to be the first mayor of Greater New York. Col. Lamont has been connected with the present administration, it is true, but having gotten into it, we suppose he felt like staying through. And no one will blame him for it.

There are 51,765 widows in Philadelphia, and 16,301 widowers; doubtless material for a joke if one had time to work it out.

It is denied that the new buttons, "Chicago needs a wash," have been put out with the authority or knowledge of Mr. Hesing.

Mr. Thurber has already kindly offered to show Mr. Porter the town.

The arbitration treaty ought to be ratified, if for no other reason, as a matter of protection to so much of Capt. Boutelle's new navy of seventy vessels, as happen to be afloat at this time.

In the matter of certain recent interviews it looks as if Mr. Gage had been impelled to talk through his wig, also.

Perhaps Mr. Hanna will withdraw the Alger appointment if Gov. Bushnell doesn't intend to appoint the greatest Republican of them all to Senator Sherman's seat in the Senate.

Later dispatches have it that in the recent Senatorial fight in Washington twenty-four legislative votes were of-

fered for \$6,000. This is getting legislators almost as cheap as Cayuse ponies.

If Chancey should go to England to stay he could keep real busy explaining his jokes to the Brits.

Observe that we had our trousers turned up at the very moment when Mr. Bayard was entertaining the Prince.

If this discussion about the Governor of Nevada keeps up much longer we may be able to find out what the gentleman's name is.

Impertinent Western newspapers are asking Senator Wolcott if he has got the Mohai Range on a tinclastic basis yet.

A Mr. Bean has been elected president of the Boston board of trade; and we have been thinking that someone would make a joke about this at the expense of Boston.

It is learned by out-of-town papers that Mr. Cleveland is packing up; also that small section of the Democratic party which he is supposed to represent.

It is hereby recommended to the inauguration committee that they make the 10,000 inaugural ball sandwiches Raines' law affairs—just in order to make sure of having plenty.

Some think that the arbitration treaty already looks as if it had been run over by cable.

The various courts of Michigan distinctly disavow any intention to reflect upon Gov. Hazen Pingree's standing as a potato grower.

The Philadelphia Record reports the case of a girl named Carrie Mell and submits that she ought to be sweet and likewise square. But is she fresh every hour?

Gen. Dan Sickles declares that he is not a candidate for Pension Commissioner. He prefers to stick to his crutches.

The fire sale joke still pursues Mr. Wauwauwau. They are asking now why he doesn't close out the ruins of the Capitol at Harrisburg.

The New York Insurance companies, as well as Gov. Black, seem to have considered Lou Paya a good risk.

The popcorn men from Canton are about due here.

The wicked Houston Post declares that the six hundred millions on deposit in the New York banks is held in reserve for some emergency like Mr. Gage's first bond issue.

No use talking about an effective opposition to Mr. Reed unless Mark Hannas should take the matter in charge.

Mr. Gage started off with the tremendous disadvantage of being satisfactory to Hon. Larry Gorkin.

I care not who holds the Cabinet posts if I can only name them—H. H. Konislat.

The inference is that Col. Perry Heath will be made minister to Italy.

It costs \$500,000,000 a day to run the world's railways, not including, of course, the outlay for the able gentlemen who spend their time furnishing passes.

In Hungary they compel a bigamist to live with both of his wives.

A Chicago journalist, who evidently understands poker, declares that Mr. Gage's idea is that the Treasury is troubled with too big a stack of whites.

I never cared much about being Senator from Ohio, anyway.—M. A. Hanna.

DEPEW HAS MADE BREAKS.

They May Result in Disappointing His Political Ambition.

(Washington Letter in Chicago Record.)

It is not probable that New York will be recognized in the Cabinet. It does not seem possible to find any one there upon whom the various factions agree, now that Mr. Bliss has declined, but there is a tremendous effort being made for Henry Porter for a place in the Cabinet or a foreign mission, and for Chancey Depew as minister to England. J. Pierpont Morgan, and other heavy contributors to the campaign fund, are asking that their reward shall be a commission as ambassador for their friends. Major McKinley has been much pleased to visit to Canton, says that Major McKinley would like to take his Southern Cabinet officer from Maryland, West Virginia or Kentucky, the three Southern States that went Republican, but on account of local conditions in these States he will not be able to do so. He is looking for farther South, and Evans stands high.

Judge Linney of North Carolina, thinks the South will be left out entirely. The Maryland men still talk hopefully about the chances of Gary being selected, but his prospects are regarded by the best informed as very dispiriting.

The indignation bill is in need of prompt and thorough repairs, or it will probably never get to the White House, and certainly never get back from there if it does travel so far. It has been known for several days that the President would order a bill to be introduced which would include wives and daughters of men who are themselves admissible. Still until yesterday it seemed probable that it would reach the Senate in that form. The House had adopted the conference report with the objectionable clauses in the Senate yesterday afternoon, it was defeated.

Both Houses agreed to a new conference. It is known in advance what the conference will agree upon. The bill will be amended by omitting the paragraphs for the exclusion of women and also change the qualifications for admission from "ability to read the language of the immigrants' native or resident country," to "ability to read English language."

With these amendments the friends of the bill hope it may receive President Cleveland's signature; but he has given no assurance that he would approve the measure even with these alterations.

Senator Quay's Operation.

From a Harrisburg surgeon your correspondent, says the Pittsburg Times, learned the method of the operation upon Senator Quay's eye.

The operation was a dissection of the muscle of the upper eyelid. From the center of the affected eyelid an almond-shaped section is cut with a sharp knife.

The edges of the wound are then brought together and sutured in position. For additional support the lid is attached to the eyebrow by two cables of silk thread. After the wound has healed off the stitches are removed, and the eyelid, if the operation was successful, assumes an almost normal appearance. The operation, simple as it seems, is difficult, and good results are not often obtained.

Senator Dubois' Victory.

(From the Salt Lake Tribune.)

Senator Dubois has won more than an election in the State. When, as a defeated candidate, he starts back to Washington, and the people rise on mass all day and all night long by his way to do him honor, and to emphasize the fact that he is a better man to win even a Senatorial election by a scratch.

Cloakroom and Gallery

Senator Cannon is greatly pleased over the success of Joseph L. Rawlins in the Utah contest. He says that Rawlins will make an excellent Senator. "He is just the man for a long, hard fight," he said, "and the longer the Utah contest lasted the stronger he became. He is an old friend of mine, and was my professor at college."

It is an interesting fact that Utah, the youngest of the States, will, after March 4, be one of the few in the Union both of whose Senators are natives of the commonwealth. Rawlins was born only three years after the first Mormons crossed the plains. Both Rawlins and Cannon have been in the Utah contest for some time. They were rival competitors for distinction when the new State was admitted. In 1892 Rawlins defeated Cannon for delegate; in 1894 Cannon defeated Rawlins; in 1895 Cannon defeated Rawlins for Senator, and now they are about to be associates and colleagues in the Senate. The associates of the newly-affiliated silver parties.

It is a fact not generally known in Washington that the legislature of Colorado tried to help Fred Dubois. The Colorado assembly passed through both branches a resolution of greeting to the legislature of Idaho. This resolution read that the Eleventh general assembly had just rejected Henry M. Teller to the senate, he receiving "the united votes of all the silver elements," and 92 out of a total of 98 votes in the legislature. Then it concluded: "Colorado heartily and earnestly rewards the able and patriotic services of her distinguished son and statesman, Fred T. Dubois."

The Idaho legislature "didn't do a thing" to the politics last December. The Progressives proceeded first to try to refer it to the committee on fish and game, and it was only saved by one vote from being ignominiously and indefinitely tabled.

Some of the Idaho newspapers have an exceedingly tart way of putting things. They say that the late Senator Heald, of Idaho, a Republican, which have just reached here, afford evidence of some of the warmth of the late Senator's struggle. The Tribune observes that the election of Heald is "the worst blow Idaho has ever received, and a disgrace to the State." Heald was a Republican, and was a member of the Senate. And this at a time when we need our strongest men in Congress. There is nothing the Tribune finds to say against Heald milder than that "he is of very ordinary ability—he did not fill the bill. He did not even vote for the silver bill, and when called upon to speak he could only mutter a few unintelligible words." The Tribune asserts that there are not a dozen men in Idaho who do not feel that Idaho has received a blow from which it will take ten years to recover. The even more candid Tribune, however, is not so sure. The announcement of the vote was greeted in dead silence. Women wept and men could scarcely keep back tears. There was no demonstration of approval, but only a feeling of terrible injury.

The Potomac Tribune also makes a few remarks about Mr. McArthur, member from Custer county. It says the convention that nominated him pledged him to Dubois, and he himself promised that he would vote for the Senator, but he did not keep his word.

"No wonder," therefore, mildly observes the Tribune, "that when in Custer are calling him a liar and are fighting him because he has made them liars. He has betrayed his constituents and will have to run the gauntlet when he goes home. He has left his honor (if he ever had any) in Boise, and is even more contemptible than poor, sick Hannahan, who took the phony good Shoup game."

What a despicable pup, complete and perfect. "If he ever puts his nose inside of the county again they will certainly declare that he will lick him in the assembly, and even more contemptible than poor, sick Hannahan, who took the phony good Shoup game."

O. K. Ellis, the belated Wisconsin electoral college messenger, has arrived. He was very much surprised to find that his coming had been longed for by the Vice President. Ellis says he was delayed by the snow, and that he is in no rush to deliver the vote even now. "On my way down here," he said yesterday, "I met the messenger of a Western Republican State returning home. He said: 'If I thought it would have affected the result, I would have delivered the vote at all. These McKinley Cabinet selections make me tired.'"

The latest development in the Cabinet situation is the prominence now given to the possible candidacy of Henry Clay Evans. Representative Hunter of Kentucky, who has been in the Senate, says that Major McKinley would like to take his Southern Cabinet officer from Maryland, West Virginia or Kentucky, the three Southern States that went Republican, but on account of local conditions in these States he will not be able to do so. He is looking for farther South, and Evans stands high.

Judge Linney of North Carolina, thinks the South will be left out entirely. The Maryland men still talk hopefully about the chances of Gary being selected, but his prospects are regarded by the best informed as very dispiriting.

The indignation bill is in need of prompt and thorough repairs, or it will probably never get to the White House, and certainly never get back from there if it does travel so far. It has been known for several days that the President would order a bill to be introduced which would include wives and daughters of men who are themselves admissible. Still until yesterday it seemed probable that it would reach the Senate in that form. The House had adopted the conference report with the objectionable clauses in the Senate yesterday afternoon, it was defeated.

Both Houses agreed to a new conference. It is known in advance what the conference will agree upon. The bill will be amended by omitting the paragraphs for the exclusion of women and also change the qualifications for admission from "ability to read the language of the immigrants' native or resident country," to "ability to read English language."

With these amendments the friends of the bill hope it may receive President Cleveland's signature; but he has given no assurance that he would approve the measure even with these alterations.

Senator Quay's Operation.

From a Harrisburg surgeon your correspondent, says the Pittsburg Times, learned the method of the operation upon Senator Quay's eye.

The operation was a dissection of the muscle of the upper eyelid. From the center of the affected eyelid an almond-shaped section is cut with a sharp knife.

The edges of the wound are then brought together and sutured in position. For additional support the lid is attached to the eyebrow by two cables of silk thread. After the wound has healed off the stitches are removed, and the eyelid, if the operation was successful, assumes an almost normal appearance. The operation, simple as it seems, is difficult, and good results are not often obtained.

Moses Thatcher, Mormon;

Joe Rawlins, Senator

A year or more ago the Democratic party of Utah, in State convention assembled, declared that church and State must be absolutely separate. Hon. Moses Thatcher and Hon. Joseph Lafayette Rawlins were declared to be the chosen candidates of the Democrats of Utah for United States Senators. Rawlins had been a delegate in Congress, and had a fine popular footing all about. Thatcher, a big, good man, one of the biggest and best in the State, represented the anti-Mormon church feeling. He was an apostle of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints, one of the twelve, that is, one of the dignitaries next in importance to the "first presidency," but he had refused to take counsel, as they say. He had himself governed his political action for himself, thinking, and not hesitating to declare, that neither the Mormon church nor any other had a right to dictate to him his political course. He was, indeed, to meddle in politics in any way whatever. The position of Mr. Thatcher was apparently inadvisable, if motives and purposes of honor and success were to be taken into account by the circumstances, that the Mormons, as a church and individuals, through most of their high officers had been obliged to declare, in order to secure Statehood for the Territory, that the church should keep out of politics thereafter; that its manifestos (in which it had promised that it would keep out of politics) had been issued in good faith, and that it was considered that a new era of progress and prosperity was dawning for Utah, because the Democrats of the State, as well as the Republicans, were proposing to throw off the burden of Mormon domination.

This was about the situation when the Senatorial contest, which was just concluded by the election of Rawlins, came on. One candidate was Judge Henderson, law partner of Senator Brown, and like Mr. Brown himself, a former resident of Michigan, a law partner also of Judge Allen, the present representative from Utah. Some of the church officials supported Henderson, and the good people of the present administration helped him as much as they could, which was very little. Rawlins had declared in a public letter that he was not and should not be a candidate in any sense of the word. When Thatcher, who had considered it his duty to run, was elected, he was clear for him, had entered the race, however, it was believed by the friends of Rawlins that, while no single candidate could beat Thatcher unaided and alone, yet with the help of the church he might do it.

This was the thought of the Rawlins men, and it proved to be the realization of their hopes. It looked like a dead-lock. Finally, when it appeared that the church leaders that they could not beat Thatcher with anybody but Rawlins, they threw the support to Henderson as Rawlins, and caused Rawlins to be chosen. Not that Rawlins was acceptable to the church; he was not. He had publicly and relentlessly denounced George Q. Cannon, the chief politician of the Mormons, and had for many years slighted and insulted the saints in many ways. The first declaration of the church leaders, however, was to beat Thatcher. They did it. They didn't love Rawlins at all; they simply hated their former apostle, whom they had gone to the length of deposing from his priestly office.

Rawlins is about forty-six years old, a Utah boy of Mormon antecedents. He is honest, able, and no doubt faithful to the Constitution, though he will not escape the enmity of many of the best Democrats of the State for having become a candidate after he has declared himself in no sense a possible candidate, and then for becoming the chief instrument for contravening the expressed local Democratic principle that the party must keep faith with the national legislature, which had permitted Statehood to be a fact on the distinct understanding that the Mormons would give up their church, real and political. Moses Thatcher, the leading defeated candidate, is a banker and a manufacturer, of Logan and of Salt Lake City, a man worth half a million, which he has made legitimately, an eloquent speaker, and a personality very much admired by Mormons and Gentiles alike. He is an orator and a thorough business man; and was a native Utah candidate for Senator, who would best measure up to the highest Senatorial requirements. He is slender, extremely gentle, but of a nearly perfect indomitable will, a scholar, as well as an orator, in short, a real gentleman. It is hard to believe that he can fall of the next Senatorial unless, of course, it should happen that the Democrats of Utah continue to truckle to church domination.

These are plain, if they are unpleasant, facts. Moreover, it is not too much to say that the future of this fine young State will be wrapped up in the very Senatorial contest. It was advertised to the world three or four months ago (when the church authorities openly declared that they would beat Thatcher for Senator because he had not chosen to break the faith, as they had done), that the only order of the day, the only control of secular affairs by the Mormon Church, was still in vogue; a situation made more the regrettable because of the broken promises that this should not be so. Utah has a great future with her mines of gold and silver, with her numerous sheep ranches, with her salubrious climate, which with her Great Salt Lake and her mineral springs, is hardly to be equalled elsewhere in the world. Later we shall know whether this defeat of the anti-church candidate will have to do with the capital and the way from this new Eldorado. The miners and the capital required to work the mines don't care, possibly; but the persons most intelligently interested in the future of Utah want to see in these fertile valleys something more than a collection of mining camps. And they wonder whether such a thing will be possible without political liberty.

Aunt Mandy's Say.

She wasn't so all-wise, was Aunt Mandy McNeipe—
Just a homely 'ol granny with glasses an' pipe.
She set on her porch in the little 'ol town, Her face, though wrinkled, was wrinkled, unmarked by a frown;
And of things didn't come as she wanted 'em—why
Not a word of regret, not a hint of a sigh; But with smiles she kept knittin' the while she 'ud say—
"Well, a hawd 'ol thin soup's better'n none any day!"

I have heard many preachers—several books I have read;
Bleed down, twain't no more than Aunt Mandy's say—
We may fall in our strivin' an' make but a 'quire,
When we long to be gunvor or somethin' still higher;
We may find all our wealth after toll is compressed
In a gimlet-tied nag, an' a shanty at best! But will grumbin' bring wealth—will it remedy things?
To be blue and at fate cast our hateful flings?

I think that Aunt Mandy's was a purty wistful way of sayin'—
"Well, a hawd 'ol thin soup's better'n none any day!"

—Will T. Hale in Nashville American.

Snap Shot Interviews

It is a very general impression that such things as these are good for the auction business. The general opinion is wrong, however. In good times when people are all making money a man will sell out a debtor much quicker than he will when things are dull. It is partly sentimental, but mostly very practical, this thing. What's the use putting a man up for sale when you won't find any purchasers. The tendency of very bad times is to give a man the last chance possible to continue in business and pay up. And this knocks the auctioneer.—Ratcliffe, Auctioneer.

I haven't seen anything of the McKinley boom. Business is duller in the high grade hats than ever before. Republican inaugurations always make silk hats go well though. Always we are selling them. Republican statesmen have a fondness for silk hats.—Charles Knorr, Hatter.

Flowers are a luxury. You can't get people to buy them in hard times. Our business drops off considerably. It makes flower prices cheaper. You can buy roses and violets and carnations very cheaply now.—F. Siye, with Strauss, Florist.

There is a great run on dapper songs just now for some reason nobody can understand. Everybody is singing them. The two that I like best are "Ma Onlie One" and "I Want Yer, Ma Honey"—have had a wonderful run.

But they are fine songs, just about as fine in their way as Whitcomb Riley's poems, it seems to me. Don't you think so? Perhaps they made the verse. Anyway, if you can write a good song you can make a fortune. Even the instrumental goes. "Rattos on Parade" is now played on every piano in Christendom, with a few exceptions. Just before this the girl who went wrong had the strange popularity. Everybody was reciting her melancholy story in soprano and bass.—Henry White, Music Dealer.

Times are improving. Three or four weeks ago I only bought ten. Now I need twenty-four all the time.—Ed Foster, Times Newshy.

Mr. Stoddard feels sorry for other people's troubles, but he has none. His business always pays. He draws a house full of people every night in good times or bad, just the same. He is a happy mortal. The sun always shines for him, too.—George P. Conn, Columbia Theater Newshy Man.

The printing business is all right for people who have money to keep up with the new methods. More than anything else a printer needs capital. Those who have it get all the work they want, no matter if business is dull. They get it away from the other fellows who can't keep up.—Charles J. Ziegler, Printer.

I saw your interview yesterday with Mr. Boniface about people with sandy mustaches being inveterate smokers. Did you ever notice that black-eyed people never lose their legs? I don't believe there is a one-legged man with black eyes in Washington, or for the matter of that, in the world. Nothing can explain this. It is just so, and that's all.—J. Orville Sutton.

Mr. Woodman's bill? I'm not quite sure that it is he wants to talk to the committee about, but I think it is a bill to prevent a man from being hauled into police court without being given any chance to get ready for his defense. It seems to me he was arrested here on some street ordinance, at 11 o'clock and brought up for a fine at 1 o'clock. He thinks that is speedy justice.—Chairman Babcock, of the District Committee.

We need more men on the farms; less crowding into the cities to make poverty. It's a mistake about farmers living poor. They are getting richer first. At its best, and live better than people in town.—Albert Harper, Court Stenographer.

Ho, Jim Young's Fine Time.

"I am writing under great stress," says Congressman Jim Young to the Philadelphia Star, "and I am glad to get a few minutes' rest. I am writing under great stress, and now I am in bed with what the physician who is attending me says is a genuine case of the grip, or la grippe, whichever is the proper way to write it. It is what I get for following my wife's advice to attend the dinner in spite of the fact that I was showing symptoms of what the women folk would call an 'awful' cold. My wife said, 'Don't go,' but I replied that I had never been absent from a Grifion annual, and I was not going to allow a little thing called a cold to deter me. It was a great event Saturday night, one of the best of the organization ever had. I forgot my cold while I was there, but I didn't forget it the next day. I